

Doctors and Nurses. ©Xen. 4th draft

Recently, I had the misfortune of a ten-day hospital stay at two of our metroplex hospitals. I do not like those places. However, my complaint was life threatening so, I had no choice in the matter. The only bright spot of the whole experience came late on the forth day of my stay. The night nurses were arriving on duty and getting turnover from day-shift for each respective patient. A wise, old, brutally honest ward nurse and a young, pompous-ass of a self-important doctor were just inside the room door discussing my condition. She was nobody's fool and did not suffer 'fools' lightly. I was mostly lost in contemplation, looking out of the window, thinking about how to get out of this house of horrors when their heated conversation caught my, up until then, inattentive ear. I overheard the nurse say something disputing the doctor's 'schooled' opinion. He condescendingly retorted, "I must have missed that class in medical school, *nurse*." Without missing a beat she bluntly retorted, "Doctor, you missed many 'real life' classes in medical school...!" It was at this point he noticed I was observing their tiff and to save face belligerently sniffed, turned and stormily walked from the room. The nurse coolly came over, fiddled with the equipment, asked how was I, and then went about her routines with professionalism extraordinaire. Such joy in watching a professional at work. She cuffed an arrogant doctor's ego with world-wise wisdom that only a woman of her mettle could get away with doing! Truly, one of life's rare, precious moments and I was there to see it all! Cannot say that was worth a hospital visit but hey, one has to take simple pleasures where they lay. Those undemanding moments of life sometimes, are what make it worth living at all, and I love to observe a professional in action.

What is your Point, Doctor? © Xen.

A man visiting the doctor the first time filled out a standard patient questionnaire during the wait for his appointment. When filling out one of the questions about diet, he wrote, 'I eat fried chicken and ice cream every day...' During examination, a young doctor reviewed his answers and when reading that he daily ate ice cream and fried chicken *flipped his wig*. That is an archaic idiom but there is room for it here. Then the doctor launched into a lengthy lecture about hazards of eating too much fat, sugar, and non-nutrient value foods and many other adverse affects on body health in general. The man patiently listened until our doctor finished his lecture then said, 'Dr. I am 70 years old. Just what is your point?' Taken aback, the young physician pondered for a few moments until the ah-ha light popped on; then he said, 'you are right...eat all the fried chicken and ice cream you wish.' Then he cordially concluded the office visit. That is so often, how it goes in life. One is so caught up in the daily dramas and nit-picky details that s/he loses the big picture of life: nothing lasts; everything changes and all eventually fades away into dust. The lesson to me in this living drama is that it all comes down the same for humans and everything else here on earth. Except that people remain preoccupied with getting theirs, harming and lying to each other and worst of all – hurting selves the most for tokens rewarded in nonsense. *I never understood what people are thinking when screwing over everyone else for percentages of the take, action, or loot. What is the point? Surely, you realize – it is never enough! One forfeits everything making the final trip out of here in a decorated pine box, covered with flowers, riding in the back of a black limousine, to spend eternity in a graveyard ENCHAINED by all that baggage.* From that perspective, this whole theater of the absurd seems such a senseless waste of precious time and energy. However, one can learn much by merely observing the simplest things in living every day like eating fried chicken and ice cream. Carpe Diem – make the best of it now for tomorrow is uncertain: Kentucky Fried or Southern Style; Chocolate or Vanilla?